THE PORT FOLIO

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

VOL. II.] [No. 28.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 17th, 1802.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER,

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. XXVI.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

Quodcunque ostendis, mihi sic, incredulus odi.
HORACE.

MR. SAUNTER,

When the comparative merit of the works of the author of Charles Grandison &c. was formerly considered, the object was to ascertain, or rather to enquire, whether his plan, was more likely to have a beneficial effect upon the taste and morals of society, than the plan of others who did not aim like that author to exhibit highfinished models of moral excellence.

These observations I see have attracted the attention of a correspondent, who I find is a warm admirer of Richardson; the animadversions, he has made relative to this inquiry, deserve some reply.

It was before predicated, and without much apprehension of contradiction, that some of the heroes of this author, were exhibited in a character, above or beyond what any observation, on human life or human conduct could recognize as a transcript.

This was indeed admitted by your respectable friend, for he justified the excess of perfection which the picture exhibits, by arguing that this ought not to damp the desire of imitating though it cannot equal; for even (says he,) the surest way of becoming a Jones was to aim at being a Grandison....the only difference between Mr. Griffin and me, was, that he thought the representation of those rendered most to promote moral improvement and useful instruction, and I thought they did not.

But your correspondent H. E. after some caveats respecting want of comprehending the former remarks &c. contends for the fidelity of the portraits to prototypes in life; and vouches for the accuracy, by assuring us of his individual reminisence which realized the image in his own mind, and banished every doubt of want of probability: I can only congratulate him on his intellectual perspicacity, without pretending even to claim the honour of participation.

But because I have applied the epithet "faultless monsters," to some of Richardson's portraits, your correspondent asks whether this is meant to extend to all....the answer is, by no means;...the converse of the proposition was comprehended, and even considered an object of animadversion. Richardson's Lovelace is a monster of depravity, even so much so, that Dr. Johnson thinks it necessary to discriminate between him and Rowe's Lothario; while Dr. Beattie disputes the moral tendency of the representation of the character altogether. Of his Pamela I can only say that I met with it in French when I was young, that I read it attentively, and that I conceived it even then to be very outré; and my latter perusal has not led me to consider it as exemplifying any thing like reality. A query may arise here whether it is to the credit or discredit of this author, that the French are very fond of his works? It will not be denied that he treads in the path in which many of their authors of fictitious history excel; viz. in the delineation of a nicety and subtlety of feeling; in the entanglements of delicacy, which are interwoven with the characters and conduct of many of their most celebrated novels; nay, I know not how your correspondent can consistently withhold extending his approbation to Rousseau, whose novels for many properties in which Richardson excels (and chiefly in these) stands highly eminent say for tenderness of sentiment, energy of passion, and power of eloquence; but notwithstanding even this, I do not consider Rousseau, as a good moral instructor.

Your correspondent has endeavoured to shew that I cannot have perused attentively, because I do not appreciate as he does, the character of Richardson's writings, or of Fieldings. It is true I did not attempt to apply altrimetical or longimetrical calculations to ascertain the comparative altitude or extent, (if such calculations, had they been practicable, had been applicable) of Richardson and Fielding's moral discernment.

I took it for granted, that he who thinks and writes reasonably, writes morally and usefully; nor did I consider, that the metaphysical inquiry's of sounding the heart for the motives of action, or analizing the mind on purpose to unfold the seminal principles of virtue; even if these researches had been practicable, would have solved our inquiry; for the question still recurs, whether we are more likely to be benefited by the perusal of characteristical novels, that are formed upon nature and upon life....or by studying those who depart from this plan, and in reliance on their conceptions of moral perfection exhibit their heroes as models for imitation, or conversely as monsters of deformity to startle the imagination. Will any one say that this does not appear obviously to be the purpose of Richardson in his most admired performances? and to realize this ideal perfection, is not probability violated and life misrepresented? It was observed of the ancient schools of declamation, "that the more diligently they were frequented, the more was the student disqualified for the world, because he found nothing there he should ever meet in any other place;" may not the same remark apply to the author and to almost all the tribe of his imitators, for his example has had wide influence in this way; indeed I have read a literary performance of considerable merit lately, wherein the author warmly depreciates the unrestricted perusal of Richardson's novels....because in a class of young females of his acquaintance, their conversation and letters, which they were continually transmitting to each other; were nothing but a studied attempt to imitate the sentimental idioms &c. of Clarissa Harlow.

Is there then no danger in this enthusiasm of sentiment, of the substitution of certain feelings in place of real practical duties? of forming wrong ideas of virtue, as well as false estim ates of happ ness?

But Sir, I think Clarissa Harlow an unfit model for imitation, not only because her character is too highly drawn, but because of the "war of duties," which her admirers are but too apt to misapprehend, merely because she is otherwise held up as a model; and the abilities of the author in pursuance of his chief plan, are apt to induce his readers to overlook too much, the smaller incidents; but I do not think these observations apply to Fielding's characters, for I do not remember any of them as exhibited with more than human virtue, and do not seem to be designed or taken for models.

But your correspondent in apparent surprize at my opinions and conclusions, seems to inquire how I read and how I examined? there is doubtless subtlety in the question? happily I do not stand alone in opinion, and since it does not admit of a better solution, I can only say that I must rely on my own perceptions, nor can I change my opinion until stronger impressions shall be made.

Your correspondent H. E. who appears to have read much, and with attention, and who has the faculty of expressing his ideas very clearly, endeavours to investigate the character of Fielding's and Smollett's writings in connections with their taste, and moral discernment; with their attainments I have nothing to do. It is not surmised that they wrote but with a moral purpose, and I am far from denying this motive to Richardson; nay, he seems to have been eminently qualified to instruct, but his genius brooding over the embryo of ideal perfection which his mind conceived;....lead him to people his novels with such characters as were never seen....makes them converse in a language, which was never heard, and sometimes upon topics which will never arise in the commerce of mankind....this being admitted, will it be wrong to infer, that such performances are more calculated to delight than to improve, exclusive of the objection that they inculcate precepts, and hold forth examples of a refinement, that virtue does not require, and honesty is at least as well without.

We need not be told of the excellence of Richardson's pencil, this we are not all disposed to deny. Variety, vividness and minuteness, belong to his portraitures....But is not Shakspeare's Caliban a picture vivid as well as minute? and we cannot but be pleased with the delineation, but it cannot any more than some of Richardson's be called a faithful portrait, because there is no prototype in life.

When I appeal to and rely on my own experience, and H. E. owns we ought not to admit of any other decision, I do avow that I receive more useful information from the perusal of the works of a Le Sage, a Fielding, a Miss Burney, and a Dr. Moore, than from this author, and in support of which I offer the above rather as deductions than arguments, and to which some of your readers may be inclined to assent.

Your correspondent, in his last paragraph, suffers his enthusiasm for his favourite author, to sparkle too much when he would permit the extinction of all other works of fictitious history; if their coexistence should become incompatible with that

of Richardson's. As enthusiasm is an uncertain and ambiguous virtue, we ought to restrain it within due bounds, lest it should swell too high, fill the whole capacity of the soul, and leave us less room for the love of truth.

J. D.

INTERESTING TRAVELS

IN AMERICA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF BULOW.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAP. XXVI.

In continuation....Proposal of the state of Virginia, for an amendment of the constitution....Result of the historical sketch.

The year 1796 was further remarkable on account of certain proposals for an alteration of the constitution, which the state of Virginia made to her confederate sister states....Virginia is of all the states, the one, most dissatisfied with the English commercial treaty. For the Virginian merchants have very little credit in England, and must therefore draw their goods, at second hand, chiefly from Baltimore, without being able themselves to import them. This is the principal cause of the growth of Baltimore, which, as that city is not situated on a river, would without this circumstance, be an effect without an adequate cause. Virginia therefore proposed. 1. That the power of ratifying treaties whether commercial or political, should be extended to the house of representatives, in concurrence with the senate. 2. That the senators should be chosen for three instead of six years, so that one third of the senate of the United States, might be elected every year. 3. That the power of trying impeachments should be taken from the senate, and given to the supreme court of the United States, so that the senators might no longer be judges in their own cause, in case they should be impeached for traitorous negociations with foreign powers. These alterations of the constitution were rejected by all the state legislatures north of the Potowmac, but was adopted by all the southern states except North-Carolina, where they were rejected by a feeble majority. The Potowmac forms a political as well as a natural dividing line. To the southward of this river other political principles, other manners prevail, and in one word a different people dwell, than to the northward. The circumstances dangerous to the duration of the American union, arising from this, induced president Washington in his address to draw the attention of the American people to the reciprocal usefulness of the south and of the north to each other, and to urge most forcibly upon the hearts of both these divisons their continuance of the union.

From this sketch of the history of the United States to the present day, it appears in my opinion clear, that America has had the good fortune to possess great men, at the head of whom stands Washington, but not that the Americans are a wise and virtuous people, who trample under foot all personal interest, whenever the public good requires it; not a people who in the struggle for freedom by resolving to conquer or to perish, unfolded gigantic powers: but a people carefully attentive first, to their private interest, and afterwards attached to the public interest, as much as to other concerns, while it stands in need of no sacrifices; a people who sold at an high price their services to their distressed country, and soldiers of liberty who very often turned their backs before the hireling slaves of England and Hesse. As I have drawn from the letters of general Washington no inferences but such as necessarily flow from the premises, and have barely made the facts therein related speak for themselves, those who can make any objection to this must be very strongly possessed of the Americo-mania. The Americans therefore appear in their history, exactly such as from reasoning *a priori* concerning their origin, and the organization of their country, we should expect to find them.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

The laws in the United States, are the English laws, modified by acts of the assemblies....Every state has its separate civil and criminal code; which gothic confusion, Congress has never removed, though they might have done it....Excellency of the Pennsylvania criminal code, as reformed by Franklin and Caleb Lownes.

Their laws might be considered as proofs of their national wisdom if it were not notorious that they are copied from the English. Their lawyers constantly quote the English laws as authorities. Their law students, who learn their trade, from some lawyer of reputation, whom they pay for it, as they have no universities at all, unless the schools at Princeton, New-Haven and elsewhere be considered as such, study the English laws, upon which the acts of the state legislatures or assemblies are founded. These assemblies occasion a diversity of laws in the different states, for the congress has not hitherto interfered in this case, and indeed by the constitution ought not to interfere, though by virtue of the clause that "the laws of the congress shall be the supreme law of the land, throughout the union," their power is competent to any thing. Nor is any controul over a supreme legislative power conceivable, as every one who has at all studied the theory of politics will readily acknowledge. Indeed the subject of national education, is not expressly committed to congress, and yet Washington, who must probably know how far the powers of congress extend, proposed in his speech at the opening of the session, on the seventh of December 1796 the establishment of a national university.

Every state, however, now has its separate laws. In New-Jersey, theft to a considerable amount, is punished by hanging. In Pennsylvania, it is not. In this last state the criminal code is excellent, and the bloody English code is softened by the philosophy of the age; but who can here avoid perceiving the genius of a Franklin? William Penn himself had made humane laws, and Caleb Lownes, a quaker has I believe in this respect had great merit. A great man, like Franklin, must in a country where opinions are freely expressed, always have great influence, and consequently these wholesome laws, testify the wisdom of Franklin, and not the wisdom of the nation.

The other laws are not however improved in the same degree with the criminal code, as the law respecting bankruptcy, which I have already mentioned, and which may be called a public sanction to theft, abundantly proves. Besides which, there are multitudes of other absurd laws. For instance, when the tenant of chambers in the second story cannot pay his rent, the person who lives in the rooms beneath, must pay it for him; in like manner, when one of several tenants in an house disappears, carrying away with him his furniture, in order to be relieved from the payment of his rent, the remaining tenant or tenants must pay for the fugitive....The argument against them is "you must look to it, why did you suffer him to run away?" I was further assured, that the owner of a dog, may kill upon the spot, a man who kills in his presence his dog; but then the dog must wear on his neck a collar with the name of his owner. Yet others, when I inquired whether this was a fact or not, answered me so equivocally that I do not certainly know how the truth in this case is. The laws, do not in the smallest degree strengthen the subordination of children to their parents, but on the contrary take them under their protection against parental chastisement. Perhaps a medium between the Roman severity (for among the Romans, the father had the power of life and death over his children) and so great a loosening of family ties, would be best adapted to our times. In so corrupt an age as ours, so unbounded a power cannot be intrusted to fathers; but in all republics family subordination has been in exact proportion to the public liberty. A husband is likewise in Pennsylvania severely punished, if his wife accuse him barely of threatening to strike her; this courteous law, is said to have originated with the quakers. The tenant of an house may kill any one who disturbs him in it, for example, by breaking down the windows in it. This deserves praise and is inherited from England, where it was introduced from ancient Germany. In Virginia, no lands can be attached by creditors to answer for debts. The reason of this is, because the debtors make the laws, and possess nothing but lands. If any one affirms that another owes him a certain sum, and swears to it, that is kisses the bible, and can purchase two witnesses who will kiss the bible to testify the same thing, the other is compelled to pay the money. Solemn as this asseveration upon oath, by kissing the holy sciptures may be to conscientious persons, of refined moral sentiments, it makes less impression upon the great sensual multitudes, and must thus occasion a great number of perjuries in America, as in truth, according to all I have heard they are extremely frequent.

The praise worthy part of the laws, together with much that deserves censure was inherited from England; Franklin with a true philosophic and philanthropic spirit improved them; the American people contributed very little thereto.

BIOGRAPHY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AN ESSAY ON THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF BOILEAU DESPREAUX.

(Continued.)

I will not proceed with the examination of the works of Despréaux. I shall only mention that his three last satires, the greater part of his epistles, his odes and epigrams were composed after his presentation to the King.

Although Despréaux was not of a robust constitution, yet by extreme temperance and rigid abstemiousness he enjoyed during a period of fifty years, a moderate portion of health. But in the year 1706, it began sensibly to decline. Frequent swoons, acute pains, and habitual fever, announced the termination of his life. He viewed the approaches of death with the calm resignation of a christian philosopher. From that time he renounced the great world into which he had against his inclination been introduced, and confined himself to the society of a small number of friends. Thus he lived, suffering the vicissitudes of pain and of languor until the year 1711, and died on the 13th of March, at the age of 74 years and some months.

It would be an easy task to collect a great number of anecdotes relative to Despréaux. His commentators have with the most scrupulous accuracy recorded them. But I shall restrict myself to the selection of only a few of those, which shew that the elevation of his soul and the nobleness of his sentiments, equalled the superior excellence and graceful beauties of his mind. The celebrated Patru, one of the most enlightened men and the most sound critic of the age in which he lived, had sacrificed to the pursuits of literature, the profession of the law, in the exercise of which his

distinguished probity, his pure and brilliant eloquence and his extensive knowledge, promised him an ample fortune. Indigence was the consequence of this sacrifice of fortune at the shrine of taste. Reduced to the necessity of selling his library in order to procure the means of subsistence, he was on the point of suffering the privation of all that could afford him consolation in his misfortune. Despréaux was informed of his situation, and at the same time learned that the financier who intended to purchase the library, took advantage of the distressful condition of Patru, to make the acquisition at a price far below its value. He immediately hastened to his friend, purchased the library at a price one third above that which the financier had offered for it, and, after the payment of the money, stipulated that he should possess it only in reversion. His conduct towards Cassandre, that estimable man of letters whose character and misfortunes he has with so much force and truth depicted in his first satire, was not less marked by generosity. His purse was always open to him, and often did Despréaux anticipate his wants. His munificence was extended even to Linière by whom it was abused, and who, with the money which he had received from him, went to a tavern and composed opprobrious verses against his benefactor. But that action which reflects the greatest honour on Despréaux, that which would of itself suffice to ensure to his memory the tribute of our affection and esteem, is a trait of which the history of literature affords but few examples. He was informed at Fontainbleau, which was at that time the residence of the court, that the pension of the great Corneille had been suppressed. He immediately hastened to Madame de Montespan, and, after having related the fact, he proceeded thus warmly in his expostulations: "the king, said he, although perfectly equitable, cannot, without some semblance of injustice, grant a pension to such a man as myself, who am but commencing my journey up the Parnassian mount, and deprive Mons. Corneille of his, who has long since reached its summit. I entreat you, Madam, for the glory of his majesty, to prevail on him rather to suppress mine than that of a man who has much higher claims on his bounty; let my pension be extinguished, but do not Madam by the suppression of his, wound the sensibility of a man so illustrious as M. Corneille." He afterwards dilated with so much persuasive eloquence on the transcendent genius of Corneille, and depicted in colours so glowing the glory which his works reflected on the French nation, that Mad. de Montespan, not less affected by the noble disinterestedness of Despréaux, than by his eloquent encomium on Corneille, promised to exert her influence with the king. The pension was soon after restored, and to the generous conduct of Despréaux on this occasion were the king and Corneille equally indebted: the former was thereby prevented from incurring the imputation of injustice, and the latter recovered the just recompense of his meritorious labours.

(To be continued.)

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LEVITY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

As you have had a good deal to say about clubs in your paper latterly, I think it will not be amiss, to send you some minutes of the transactions of the one, of which I am an unworthy member. It was instituted by half a dozen enlightened spirits, for the investigation of truth; by which the energy of man might be called forth and directed, and political and physical happiness discovered and disseminated; and, deriving its name from the various objects, it was intended to embrace, they called it *the philosophico....physico.....democratico.....republican ....club.*

Notwithstanding the benevolent intentions of its founders, and the amelioration of society, an institution of this kind is calculated to produce, many have been the attempts of the neighbourhood to destroy it, particularly by laying informations against us for riot, and several times sending constables amongst us, merely because some of our members, in the height of discussion, had directed their energy to the *argumentum baculinum;* but to the purpose.

The club having met at the usual hour, last evening, *Tom Murphy* according to vote, took the chair, and with an authoritative tone of voice called "order! order!" which was immediately obeyed by all the members present, except *Dick Noggle*, who said, "he'd be damned if he'd be called to order by him, or any like him, for that he had cheated him out of two dollars that morning, at all-fours, and that he could prove it;" upon which *Tom Murphy*, with great spirit, told him, he was a liar, and immediately began to strip off his coat to fight him; but Dick, seizing a bottle of whiskey, which he had just before applied to his lips, threw it with so good a direction, that striking on Tom's napper (which, by the by, is a pretty thick one) he measured his length on the floor; and it being supposed that he would be unfit for any further debate that evening, he was carried into the next room, and Dick having fully proved himself to be the better man, was desired to take the chair in his stead.

Order being now established, the club were just entering upon business, when we were interrupted by the entrance of the landlord, who came to complain, that it was a custom with several of the members to go away without paying their reckoning, and declared he would not send up any more drink, unless it were paid for at the time; and begged gentlemen to consider the loss it was to him, especially as his house had got a very bad name, in consequence of the club's meeting there; and that, every thing considered (though he must own they were very good customers in the article of drink, if they'd but pay) he wished the club would procure an apartment at some other house.

The petition was ordered to lie on the table for further consideration; and the order of the evening being called, the club formed itself into a committee of the whole, on the important question, "*The expediency of insurrections.*"

After many arguments pro and con. had been advanced by different members, my friend Patrick Fagan, got up, and in a very able speech of considerable length, clearly proved, that insurrections were highly improper, while our numbers were insufficient for the attainment of our wishes. I shall however omit his reasons, which, he said were obvious to all, except those blended by envy and ambition, and give the conclusion of his speech, in his own words: "Without a moderate portion of these qualities (speaking of envy and ambition) Democracy would cease to exist; but, like whisky, too much destroys their beneficial effect, and produces an intoxication, which prevents us from examining the propriety of the step we are about to take, and prudently avoiding all danger. In this manner may the exertions and assiduity of the whole party for a twelvemonth, be destroyed in a day, by the folly of one man. Very different from such rashness is a perfect democratical character. Let me attempt a rude sketch.

A perfect democrat is firmly attached to *natural unadulterated liberty*. He believes the origin of all power to be in the people, and, consequently, thinks it improper that it should ever, even for a moment, be out of their hands, or delegated to a few, when the many are so capable of exercising it. He thinks it a sin against nature, for man on entering into compact, or society with fellow men, to give up any of those rights which she has bestowed on him at his birth; these he will say, are *liberty of action equality*, &c. the former he demonstrates to be the right to seek pleasure wherever it may present itself, or his inclinations lead him, without being cramped by the interferences and whimsies of others....thus pointing out the impropriety of laws; the latter affords him an excellent argument against subordination, or the injustice of one man possessing more power, property, sense or genius than another. He is well able to represent the *proper restrictions* of government, as *intolerable grievances;* and all taxes for its support, as being merely for the maintenance of a set of lazy, luxurious courtiers, by which name he distinguishes its officers if they are not of his own party; and, separating as much as possible the constitution from its administrators, is lavish of his praises of the former, that he may be more pointed in his sarcasms on the latter. If he succeed in removing the persons in power, and getting proper ones in their place, he then pours the phial of his wrath on the constitution, which he has been hitherto only sapping, and creates a resemblance between it and the most decided aristocracy, or even the Russian and Turkish despotisms; taking care to introduce a number of hard names, as Chouans, Hulans, Pandours, Crim-Tartars, Mamelukes, Bashaws, Viziers, &c. &c. the more effectually to perplex and obscure the subject; and the more hideous the picture he draws his comparison with, the better; since as his intention is only to inform the ignorant, they will be unable to perceive any dissimilitude; and should his arguments fall under the observation of the better informed, if federalists, they are already so tired with execrating our falsities, that I fancy they will not think them worthy of refutation; and if democrats, the intent will readily excuse the *means*. He is well versed in the intricacies of argumentation, so that he is able whenever reason and truth fail him, to call in a sophism to his assistance. His knowledge of law is not perhaps, very extensive, but he has a good recollection of names, and with a proper use of these, he in the opinion of his party, raises a formidable barrier against the attacks of his antagonists, even should his quotations not be very accurate. If unfortunately at any time detected in a misrepresentation of the existing laws of his country (and whatever country he may be in, has the happiness of being considered by him as his own) he escapes from his embarrassment, in the same manner the brothers in the Tale of a Tub discovered every thing they wished in their father's will; for by picking a word here and there, or if a word cannot be found, a syllable or letter, he forms any meaning he pleases; thus he can convert the bible into the koran, or the Lord's prayer into a jacobinical hymn. In short, a true democrat can be every thing with every person; religious with the religious, profane with the profane; chaste with the chaste; amorous with the amorous; honest with the honest; and a rogue with rogues. He unites the most consummate impudence with the deepest cunning: and, finally, he is perfectly unbiassed by any religious scruples.

"As we have many men of this description amongst us, I have no doubt that our endeavours will, eventually, be crowned with the most perfect success; for the union and exertions of a very few, are sufficient to make the multitude believe Thomas M'Kean to be a better governor than James Ross, and Thomas Jefferson a better president than John Adams; that the present disposition of France is productive of more happiness than the mild constitution of the United States, Hell a more eligible place than Heaven, or even were they possible, still greater absurdities."

Mr. Fagan having concluded amidst repeated acclamations, was asked by several of the members to take some grog with them; and Mr. Chairman Noggle, after counting the ayes and nays, declared "that it was the opinion of the club, *nem. con.* some for and some against it, that premature insurrections were improper, and that a true democrat was a clever fellow.

The business of the night being now over, and the feast of reason dispatched, the flow of soul commenced among those members who could comply with the unjust and unprecedented restrictions of the landlord. Mirth and harmony prevailed, interrupted only by a slight fracas between *Ned Whiffle* and *Dick Slang*, occasioned by the former refusing to lend the latter eleven pence, to get a glass of gin twist, which terminated in Ned's receiving a pair of black eyes.

Many patriotic songs were sung, and at one o'clock in the morning, all that were able to walk dispersed, without any accident, except a couple being taken up by the watchmen, and confined until daylight, when they were liberated on paying a small fine.

Yours &c.

TURLOGH MULLIGAN.

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL

[The pleasure I have often received from the perusal of your ingenious work, makes me conceive myself under an obligation, when leisure permits, of assisting you with my mite. Subjects of literature are nearly threadbare, and often passed over by a large part of your readers; I shall therefore beg your acceptance of a description of the bull-feasts in Spain, extracted from my journal kept in that country, to which I may, at a future period, add a few observations on a people, with whom we are not well acquainted, and of whom we have perhaps received information from channels warped by prejudice.

Your's sincerely.

W. W.]

Philadelphia, June 23, 1802.

BULL-FEASTS IN SPAIN.

I cannot but conceive it an egregious error in those travellers, who have attributed bull-feasts, or amphithreatrical entertainments in Spain to the Moors, and stiled them the barbarous relict of their customs. It was not till long after the Christian æra, that Gibraltar was first conquered by Tarick, the famous leader of the African adventurers: but this practice can be traced to epochs long before that period from which we now date; of consequence, if it is an exotic custom, they must owe its origin to the conquest of the Romans, or the imitation of their European neighbours. It cannot be denied that the Spaniards retain to this day many remains of Moorish customs and manners; and it would, perhaps, be more to their credit, if they retained more; for if we may judge from the monuments the latter have left behind them, they possessed the most valuable ideas of architecture, tilling, draining, watering, and laying out grounds; which once made the now rude plains of Grenada a perfect garden, and beautified them beyond our most romantic ideas of an elysium; but amidst all their splendour and dreams of dear bought happiness, amidst the gaieties of a Boabdil's reign, they did not practise fighting bulls; for their entertainments consisted of hunting, feats of the sword, club and lance, wrestling, &c. at which their jealous dispositions did not suffer their women often to be present, the very soul of the exercise under our consideration; nor is it the theme of any of the Spanish writers of romance, who have handed down to us their customs. The many remains of Roman architecture in Spain, the circular and oval forms of places, built for exhibitions of this kind, together with the cells, vomitoria, podia, seats, and other yet visible ruins, evince to us, that those conquerors of what they called the *Provincia Cunicularis*, not only spread the glory of their arms amongst this newly subjugated people, but celebrated their victories by triumphal arches, and those public exhibitions, which were common amongst themselves. Few Roman historians have mentioned the amphitheatrical games; and the early annals of the church are filled with the mention of victims, that were exposed both to the contumely of the mob, and the assaults of the lion and the tiger; whilst their liberty and pardon were the rewards of their courage. This was a favourite punishment for their criminals, and at once evinces to us, that these masters of the world, of learning and of renown, had only advanced a few removes beyond barbarism. Legislation afterwards altered this practice, and the combatants were either hired, or served as volunteers. We are then only at a loss how to account for bulls being pitched upon as the tortured object of this practice, which is easily done, when we consider the difficulty and expense of obtaining the lion* and the tiger alive, particularly after the Moorish conquest, when the Spaniards had only a partial access to the shores of Africa, and when they had such ferocious beasts on their own plains, which would afford nearly an equal display of courage, without that excess of danger.

In tracing this practice, for the information of my readers, I shall be explicit and correct. Formerly the most valiant captains of the Lusitanian bands entered the lists in this ferocious combat. After conquering the Saracen, a Gonsalvo, a Lara, wielded the spear and sword against the dart-enraged bull: their recompence was the smile of approbation from their favourite fair one. The greatest merit in her eyes, was courage, and the greatest bond in love, was the contempt of danger. Arrayed in the scarf their mistresses had embroidered, it was their pride to shew their familiarity with scenes of peril, and the lengths to which they would go for objects incomparably more deserving. This spirit was fostered by their generals: it made their hearts martial, and counteracted the inert languor and inactivity of the camp. Not such the present champions: their pristine nobleness is fled; they are hirelings, and the traits of their courage are ferocious and butcher-like.

The days chosen for this sport are generally the anniversaries of some saints, with which the calendar is filled; but, in the great cities, during the season, it may be seen three times a week. No sooner is the day fixed on for this exhibition, than the news is eagerly spread, and electrifies every class with joy. The topic becomes general, every countenance exults in the glad tidings, and old and young equally joyous, anticipate the scene. From all parts they croud to the spot; neither distance nor penury withholds them, and if government and the police of the individual cities had not fixedrestrictions to these games, the fields would remain untilled, and the grapes ungathered.

The bulls intended for the day's sport, are brought into the city in the night, when the streets are empty, by means of a tame ox or cow, which serve as decoys. They are pent up in separate cells, so small that they have not room to turn, and with their heads to the arena. They are here goaded, and rendered furious, by every artificial means.

Already is the amphitheatre crowded by an immense concourse, impatient for the signal to begin. Perhaps not a sight in nature is equal to this of the thronged spectators, cloathed in all the gaities and luxuries of dress, filling the progressively rising seats, and almost frantic with pleasure. The eye, enraptured, measures its favourite circle, rows on rows at once swell the grateful focus, and pleased, the visual orb indulges in the scene. The men are clothed in their short cut jackets, loaded with innumerable rows of buttons *à lo majo;* with broad brimmed hats, or small high velvet caps; their hair confined within a silken net, and cloaks of black or scarlet, half envelope their shoulders. The women, whose general street attire is black, now appear decked in all the shewy contrast of colours, gay bunches of ribbons ornament their jet black hair; the richest mantles flow down their comely waists, over a short fringed petticoat; and at once give to view forms the most divine; without hiding those soul-enlivening eyes and animated countenances, which allure, enrapture and command. Costly fans produce an artificially cool atmosphere, and with great *legerete de main*, serve to salute their distant friends. Refreshing drinks and cakes of every kind are handed about by their attendants; handbills announce the particulars of the entertainment, and the different coloured ribbons that are affixed to the bulls' manes, to denote their race, progeny, and from whence brought. A gay display of flags wave on the tops of the battlements; and when at war with any nation, they fix their's, reversed, in the most conspicuous place. The shouts of the gay multitude, and the swift winged rockets, that break high in air, announce the approach of the hour, generally four in the afternoon. The signal trumpet sounds; a company of soldiers, with a lively band of music, enters at the gates, and after forming into a line, clears the arena of its numbers. One of them is then placed at each of the little recesses, made at small distances in the inner palisado, and sufficient to admit the body of the combatants, for whose safety they are intended.

The governor next appears, and the ministers of police are seated nearly over the place where the bulls are confined. Two trumpeters stand behind them, and under their direction the feast is conducted. Every thing in readiness, four champions in different coloured dresses enter the arena on horseback, their legs and thighs are cased in tough leather, in their right hands they bear a long ashen lance tipped with a small piece of iron, and with their left dexterously manage their steeds. They prance gaily along the circle, make their devoirs to the governor, presidents of the feast, and their individual patrons and protectors. They then range themselves according to their merit opposite the first cell, from which the bull is expected to issue; but on the left, as the animal from instinct makes his attack on that side. A trumpet again sounds, a trap door is raised, and forth rushes the bellowing monster, astonished, enraged, and frantic from hunger and frequent goadings. With impetuous onset he rushes on the prepared horseman, who with his lance repels him to the right or left of his horse. The second champion then follows, invites him to combat, and receives him in the same way. The greatest strength and dexterity are evinced in these frequent onsets, but it often happens, that the greater furious strength of the horned *enragé* overturns both horse and rider, and lays both promiscuously in the dust. Both then often share the frantic revenge of the animal, and are promiscuously torn with his horns, notwithstanding the efforts of the others to get him away and divert him on another side. He often buries his towering antlers in the bodies of both, throws their shattered limbs in the air, and strews them on the area. More frequently the rider escapes by the recesses in the palisado, and returns remounted with fresh courage to provoke battle. It is not unusal for one bull to kill several horses, but these animals, particularly in Andalusia, are so noble that with their entrails dragging on the ground, they face the tortured beast, and by their neighing and snorting seem to enjoy the sport, although not trained to it. Should they prove refractory, the riders cover their eyes with a handkerchief, that they may be unconscious of their danger, though such is the courage and noble spirit of this domestic animal, that this is seldom necessary: but it is grating to every feeling of humanity, that the end of this first of beasts should be thus perverted by practices so cruel. After a round of

* The lion and tiger to this day form part of the tribute of the dependent beys in Africa; and the bagnios and slave prisons are peopled with these savage rangers of the wild, but only for shew; and to the shocking torture of every feeling of humanity, they are made the inmates of the wretched and equally fettered slave, who is often destined to be their keeper.

feats of this kind equally horrid and disgusting, the trumpet again sounds, and the horsemen retire. The foot combatants then come forth, gaily dressed, and each bearing a pair of darts in his hands. With these they provoke the furious animal to battle, and when he puts down his head in an attitude to tear them with his horns, they dexterously stick the barbed darts behind his neck, and evade his horns by slipping aside. These *chulitos a pie* croud around him, wound him by incessant darts, and when he goes near the seats he receives showers of small ones from the people. In the tops of these darts, gaily ornamented with coloured paper, fire-works are fixed, which when the match burns down, explode with frequent crackings. He stands with an aspect of rage and terror. His flaming eyes dart around the circle, he seeks objects to sate his rage; they evade him, the place resounds with horrid bellowings, streams of red froth issue from his mouth and nostrils, he paws the blood stained ground, and in vain shakes his sides and neck to dislodge the galling load. Furious from rage and pain he bounds across the arena, attempts to climb the pallisado and wreak his revenge on every opposing object. Frequently he catches them on his horns, but generally from their great agility they escape, and he only bears away in triumph, part of the red garment with which he had been provoked and deceived. I have seen one of these combatants hard pressed by the enraged bull, and apparently without means to escape. He was pent close to the palisado and no recess at hand. Already had the furious beast stooped to tear him to pieces, and the terrified spectators imagined him horribly mangled on his horns. The active combatant undismayed and with unexampled presence of mind, put his foot on the forehead of the bull, with one leap was out of danger, and lighting behind the furious animal, seemed to laugh at his unavailing efforts to catch him: he skipped gaily and unhurt away. He then walked round the circle with his hat in his hand, money from all sides was showered down to him from the pleased spectators and his patrons, who always requite an extraordinary display of agility by a collective reward. Formerly a favourite flower from the breast of the fair, or a bunch of ribbons, was thrown down to the victorious champion and he was happy in that return, for the exertion of his courage and agility. When every means of harassing the animal has been exhausted, the trumpet again is blown, the footmen leave the arena, and a single champion steps forth. In his right hand he bears a double edged Toledo, and on his left arm a red cloak. After making his obeisance to the spectators, he provokes the bull by holding to him the red garment, and after several evasions of his horns he prepares for the last and most noted exertion of skill in this way. He places himself in a firm position before him, holds his sword obliquely, on which the maddening beast rushes with such impetuosity as to bury it to the hilt. Already the staggering bull bellows with agonizing pain, streams of black gore burst from the wound and mouth, his haggard looks proclaim his tortured state; the dreadful steel entering at the collar bone has searched the source of life, his feeble limbs deny support, he sinks and struggles in the dust. Incessant peals of applause re-echo through the vast circle, and frantic acclamations, such as resounded at the Olympic games of the Greeks, or the gladiatorial scenes of the Romans. The most lively and animated music joins the loud sound, but is nearly drowned by the plaudits of the mob. Three mules yoked together, and ornamented with gay streamers drag the mangled and bloody carcase from the arena, and every preparation is made for a repetition of the same sport, which only varies according to the courage of the men, and the fury of the bull. Ten or sixteen are often killed in an evening, and the amusement from neither its sameness nor disgusting scenes appears to tire. As many horses often fall, and the men are frequently killed or maimed. Romero was the most famous *matador* the Spaniards ever had, and his end was shocking. The meat is exposed for sale but bought only by the common people. The scene is often varied by the fighting of two horses which is indeed grand, and though horrid, has something in it noble and fierce. They sometimes let loose the wild boar, the stag, and other animals to fight dogs, and if a bull will not face the combatants, dogs are let loose upon him, which becomes quite an English bull bait. The last bull is *embolado* or his horns are tipped with wood; the common people all rush out, cling to the horns and tail, and wrestle with him in bodies. The entertainment is often closed with fire-works, and the interval is agreeably filled up by all the men striking their flints and steels which they always carry, and which give a most curious gleam around. Part of the funds arising from these entertainments belongs to the hospitals of St. John of God, the other pays the expenses. The amphitheatre in Cadiz is of wood, holds ten or twelve thousand people, and belongs to the city. It is rented to a company under great restrictions, but this cannot hinder frequent impositions on the public. Those in Madrid, Seville, and Grenada are of stone, and of royal foundation. In the smaller cities where they have none, they use the market squares, but on a very paltry scale. Indians from South America often display their feats with a leathern thong, with which they dexterously entangle the bull and throw him on his back, when they mount, and by their dexterity render vain the exertions of the animal to shake off the unusual load. Many gypsies are amongst the foot combatants. Their pay is from ten to sixty dollars an afternoon, according to merit. That side of the amphitheatre on which the afternoon sun beats, is only half price. There is a small difference in the several cities, but in all, these are the leading traits.

To foreigners, accustomed to see the dexterous feats of equestrian riders, such diversions appear uninteresting and barbarous, and from the continual danger to which the riders and the horses are exposed, the feeling mind can derive no satisfaction. Even in this age of refined philosophy, man seems to be glad to multiply means for the extinction of his own species, which, from the brute creation, he might learn to husband. This familiarity with scenes of blood darkens the traits of the national character; and were a revolution to agitate the people, it would possibly be more sanguine than we have yet witnessed. Government has often wished to abolish this practice; but in vain; it is so generally relished. It is astonishing that the Spanish ladies enjoy this sport, so savagely monotonous, Possessed of susceptibility and the finest feelings in nature, with every sense in unison with delicacy and sentiment, one would imagine they would fly it as a bane; still do they frequent it; a contradiction, which neither the moralist, nor the keen observer can reconcile or combine.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLON AND SPONDEE.

In Nottingham church-yard there occurs the following epitaph on an old lady, memorable for her love of liquor. Its *moral* seems to be that Bacchus is not always a foe to longevity;

> " She drank good ale and beer and wine,
> " And liv'd to the age of—*ninety-nine.*"

—

A British critic apprizes us that the following lines in MILTON, describing one of the finest attitudes of "*divinest* melancholy,"

> With a sad leaden downward cast,
> There fix them on the earth as fast;

are supposed to be derived from Du Bartas.

> That sallow fac'd, sad, stooping nymph, whose eye
> Still on the ground is fixed stedfastly.

—

We are often asked the meaning of *Blue Stocking club*, to which Peter Pindar and many other ephemeral writers often allude. The following is a brief history of this club.

Mrs. Montague was in habits of friendship with the first wits and scholars of the age, and was the reputed founder of a society, known by the name of *the Blue Stocking club*. This association was founded on the liberal and meritorious principle of substituting the rational delights of conversation for the absurd and vapid frivolities of the card table. No particular attention or respect was paid to her, but the conversation was general, cheerful and unrestrained: for different from what is insinuated respecting the company, by a satirist, who accuses them of going

> " To barter praise for soup with Montague."

The name of this club is said to be derived from the following circumstance. One of their most distinguished characters in the early days of the society was Mr. Stittingfleet, who always wore *blue stockings*: his conversation was distinguished for brilliancy and vivacity, insomuch that, when in his absence, the stock of general amusement appeared deficient, it was a common exclamation, *we can do nothing, without the blue stockings;* thus was the appellative acquired, which is now become frequently in use for a learned and witty lady, even though she never drank tea in Portman Square.

—

In a volume of poems under the assumed name of Little, but actually composed by Moore, the elegant translator of Anacreon, I have read the following, which I think exceeds a poem of Metastasio on a similar subject.

> With all my soul, then, let us part,
> Since both are anxious to be free;
> And I will send you home your heart,
> If you will send back mine to me.
>
> We've had some happy hours together,
> But joy must often change its wing;
> And spring would be but gloomy weather,
> If we had nothing else but spring.
>
> 'Tis not that I expect to find
> A more devoted, fond, and true one,
> With rosier cheek, or sweeter mind—
> Enough for me that *she's a new one.*
>
> Then let us leave the bower of love,
> Where we have loiter'd long in bliss;
> And you may down *that* path way rove
> While I shall take my way through *this.*
>
> Our hearts have suffer'd little harm
> In this short fever of desire,
> You have not lost a single charm,
> Nor I one spark of ardent fire.
>
> My kisses have not stain'd the rose
> Which nature hung upon your lip,
> And still your sigh with nectar flows
> For many a raptur'd soul to sip.
>
> Farewell! and when some other fair
> Shall call your wand'rer to her arms,
> 'Twill be my luxury to compare
> *Her* spells with *your remembered charms.*
>
> " This cheek" I'll say " is not so bright
> As one that us'd to meet my kiss;
> This eye has not such liquid light
> As one that us'd to *talk* of bliss!"
>
> Farewell! and when some future lover
> Shall claim the heart which I resign,
> And, in exulting joys discover,
> All the charms, that once were mine.
>
> I think I should be sweetly blest,
> If, in a soft imperfect sigh,
> You'd say, while to his bosom press'd
> He loves not half so well as I.

A passionate lover has thus warmly addressed his mistress, who talked coldly of something like platonic friendship....

Oh! why should Platonic controul, love,
Enchain an emotion so free,
Your *soul* though a very sweet *soul*, love,
Will ne'er be sufficient for me.

If you think by this coldness and scorning
To seem more angelic and bright,
Be an angel, my love, in the morning,
But, oh, *be a woman to night.*

—

My readers have lately been apprized that I frequently light my lamp to discern merry passages for their amusement....and my own. This evening, which is more unwholesome than any in the West Indies, in spite of all the fine things said of our climate by our philosophers and physicians, can be combated by no more poignant weapon than one, which I have borrowed from a foreigner. It is sharp and I think it will drive away care.

Prospectus of a history of *weeping*, addressed to the crying club. From the creation of Eve to the present time. Compiled from the most authentic sources, and under the immediate *eye* of some ladies of the first distinction, who have made *weeping* their particular study. The whole to be comprised in *ten* volumes folio, or the overplus, if there should be any, given gratis to the subscribers,

CONTENTS.

Vol. I. Origin and antiquity of tears. State of tears before the flood.

Vol. II. Progress of weeping among the most ancient nations: origin of whimpering, with a dissertation on the boarding schools of the ancients.

Vol. III. Propagation of tears in Europe, with biographical notices of eminent blubberers. State of discipline and progress of tears under the whip. Dissertation on the slave trade.

Vol. IV. Great Britain. Arithmetical discussion of crying accounts, progress of tears in families, with a digression on the metamorphoses of "grey mares" into "better horses."

Vol. V. History of coaches and carriages, how increased by crying; origin of fits and hystericks, perspective view of long acre.

Vol. VI. Rise of white handkerchiefs, with an historical view of the British stage; calculation of the depth of tears, shed at a tragedy with the crying parts coloured for the boxes.

Vol. VII. On the use of onions at funerals. Dissertation on widows. Exact measurement of a flood of tears.

Vol. VIII. On the various causes of weeping. Ingenuity of those, who weep without any cause. Medical dissertation on the "more you cry," &c.

Vol. IX. On the crying sins of the nation. Effect of tears upon the works of nature....poetical deluges, how far canals may be swelled by tears.... true relation of a farmer's daughter, who drove a mill, while in love.

Vol. X. On novel writing....On tears divided into *genera* and *species*....Salt tears, bitter tears, sweet tears, sweet bitter tears, salt delicious tears, tears half delicious half agonizing, and other varieties manufactured and distilled in the writings of the new philosophers....On sentimental torrents, cataracts of sensibility, and water falls of fine feeling....Conclusion. .

The whole to be embellished by engravings by the first artists, of black eyes, blue eyes, and hazel eyes in all the stages of crying, from the *glisten* to the *sob*. Portraits of eminent cryers, from the originals, in *water colours;* views of noted *whimperers*, in *distemper; ground* plans of teazing schemes, with *distant prospects* of *sets* of *china*, *diamond necklaces* and *new* carriages, &c. &c.

The price to subscribers will be three guineas each volume; to non subscribers, four. A few copies will be printed on a superfine *magna charta*, wire woven and hot pressed, with proof impressions of the plates, price six guineas each, and which when bound corio *Mauritanico*, *foliis deauratis lineis rubris* elegantissime compact per Kaltheber, will form one of the most splendid books, ever presented to *the eye*!

Lachrymat respublica!

—

FESTOON OF FASHION

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

[As the votaries of the fantastic goddess, who gives a name to this department of our paper, are all ambitious of *notoriety*, I shall subjoin a few admirable lessons from an experienced master.]

One of the easiest and therefore the commonest methods of drawing attention by trifles; is that of talking loud at all places of public resort. There is something so spirited in it, so charmingly careless and it gives such an air of superiority, by seeming to despise all the hearers, as if they were no more than stocks and stones.

I have heard many a fine gentleman and lady while strolling up and down a crowded walk, question each other on the last night's ball, or their engagements to dinner, in a voice so loud as silenced the rest of the company, and caused a general hum of inquiry. Who are these? Thus the end was answered, the spectators were awe-struck and brow-beaten and the happy pair marched off in triumph till next morning, when they returned to make new conquests. From their volubility and vehemence they acquired among many listeners the character of people of infinite sense and spirit.

Another method of gaining admiration, is to swear and swagger at inns, or at any other place, where we are among our inferiors, or are unknown. It is to be sure wonderful to observe how respectful a reception he meets with, who with a bludgeon in his hand and an oath in his mouth enters an inn, and calls about with the voice of our guttural watch, or the men who cry peas and beans.

Knocking vehemently on a floor, especially if it be done according to the latest method, adds very considerably to personal importance.

Singularity in dress is one of the commonest modes of seeking distinction; but by singularity, I do not mean a deviation from the established fashion, but compliance with it, carried to an extreme. An enormous *hat* has given many a young man a degree of confidence, which no learning or virtue, which he possessed could have ever supplied. A coat, a shoe, or a shoe-string, exceeding the ordinary mode have fixed the eyes of a whole assembly and gratified the ambitious wearer with the most heart-felt satisfaction.

But of the greater part of these ambitious persons it may perhaps, be said that they would act wisely to avoid, instead of seeking distinction, for they seem to be of that character to which the emphatical words of an elegant political character may be applied "a character, which will only pass without censure, when it passes without observation."

—

The stockings of the *elegantes* of Paris appear like gauze, and are of open worked silk. Their covering is transparent muslin. A plate of the Parisian fashions in May represents modish female impudence nearly in the style of Eve, before her fall. The bosom is prodigally displayed, and the petticoat is festooned and hitched rather higher than the ankle.

—

The following *morceau* from the shop of a barber is a brilliant specimen of the sublime and beautiful.

Ross respectfully informs the ladies that he has on exhibition a most elegant and whimsical head dress, calculated either for mask balls, full dress, or undress, and may be worn, instead of a veil, having the peculiar quality of changing its shape, occasionally covering the whole face, yet capable of being disposed into wandering ringlets; as a mask the disguise is complete without oppression; as a veil it protects without the dull uniformity of drapery, and may be scented to the perfume of any flower; for beauty it cannot be surpassed, and for simplicity it stands unrivalled. The patent was granted by the Goddess of taste, inspired by the spirit of fancy, secured from imitation by the genius of merit, patronised by the votaries of elegance and exhibited in the temple of fashion.

—

One of our most delightful and fashionable promenades within the precincts of the city is that agreeable area, which the indulgence of Mr. Dunlap has given to the public. This shaded walk commanding a view of his pleasant gardens, and well ventilated by a purer breeze, than is commonly inhaled in the city, is frequented at the close of many a sultry day by those, who love to muse by moon-light, and by those who love to walk and prattle the evening away. It realizes a description in Horace.

Nunc et campus et area.
Lenesque sub noctem susurri
Composita repetantur hora.

which for *the benefit of the country gentlemen* mus be translated in the words of Francis.

Now at the grateful evening shade
The public walks, the public park,
Are assignations sweetly made,
With gentle whispers in the dark.
While age morose thy vigour spares,
Be these thy pleasures, these thy cares.

A wit assures us that an historian is actually employed in compiling memoirs of the king of Spades, annals of the king of clubs, anecdotes of the king of hearts and remarks on the king of diamons. In this work will be interwoven the private characters of the knaves with the *secret* history of the *queens* to be published in weekly numbers price one guinea each. A work of this kind may serve to give posterity some idea of the grandeur of the present age.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We perceive that Lyce is a *grey* coquette, and we advise her to think more of her tombstone, and less of her toilet.

But adoration, give me something more,
Cries *Lyce*, on the borders of threescore;
Nought treads so silent as the foot of time;
Hence we mistake our autumn for our prime.
'Tis greatly wise to know, before we're told,
The melancholy news that we *grow old*.
Autumnal Lyce carries in her face
Memento mori to each public place.
O how your beating breast a mistress warms,
Who *looks through spectacles to see your charms*.
While *rival* undertakers hover round,
And with his spade the sexton marks the ground.
Intent not on her own, but others' doom,
She plans new conquests, and defrauds the tomb.
In vain the cock has summon'd *sprites* away,
She walks at noon, and blasts the bloom of day.
Gay rain-bow silks her mellow charms infold,
And nought of Lyce....but *herself*....is *old*.

A. B. supposes that the Editor of the Port Folio is not only unacquainted with the mysteries of the *belle* passion, but that he never attempted, and therefore never can relish the *amatory* stile. Our answer is in the words of the poet Gifford;

.....For heav'n's sake not so fast.
I, too, my masters, *ere my teeth were cast*,
Had learned, by rote, to rave of Delia's charms,
To die of transports, found in Chloe's arms,
Coy Daphne with obstreperous plaints to woo,
And cures the cruelty of....God knows who.

The Editor hopes soon to hear from his friend, and quondam companion, S. Our invocation to this much loved bard is frequent and fervent. Gifford has well commemorated the friendship of men of letters.

I only seek, in language, void of art,
To ope my breast, and pour out all my heart;
And, boastful of thy various worth, to tell
How long we lov'd, and thou canst add *how well*
Proud of thy friendship, while the voice of Fame
Pursues thy merits with a loud acclaim,
I share the triumph, not unpleased to see
Our kindred destinies; for thou, like me,
Wast thrown too soon on the world's dangerous tide,
To sink or swim, as chance might best decide.

Our friend S. C. we hope will keep his promise. He shall hear from us shortly.

By writing every week "Asmodeo" will please the Editor.

"Ruralina" is received, and shall be treated with the courtesy, which we owe to a lady.

J. D. is received, and we are grateful.

We feel an insupportable nausea at the prostituted name of "a *Patriot*". We cannot swallow his emetic. Let him drug those papers, which are in *slavery to the populace*.

Our fair correspondent H. we perceive is quite a *town* bred lass. With Dr. JOHNSON, she would prefer Fleet street to the greenest vallies of Kent, and thinks rose bushes and blooming orchards not half so brilliant as the glass case of her milliner. Dr. Young has pleasantly described such a lady.

Such Fulvia's passion for the town, fresh air,
An odd effect! gives vapours to the fair:
Green fields, and shady groves, and chrystal springs,
And larks and nightingales are odious things;
But smoke and dust and noise and crouds delight,
And to be press'd to death transports her quite.
Where silver rivulets play through flowery meads,
And woodbines give their sweets, and vines their shades
Black *kennels*, absent *odours* she regrets,
And stops her nose at....beds of *violets*.

"A Poetical Weaver" we would advise to

"Weave the warp and weave the woof,

and not meddle with the Parnassian loom.

"SYDNEY" is rejected. We dislike his *name*.

Bunker Hill embarrasses its poor poet not less than the names of the *Dutch* towns, taken in queen Ann's wars, used to vex the ballad inditers of the last age. For, as one of our own poets wittily sings,

Kind reader, know it takes a deal of time
To make a *crooked word* lie smooth in rhyme.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

The "New-England Palladium," one of those classical papers, whose praise is worth receiving, thus eloquently commends the late address by John Quincy Adams Esquire.

"Much was expected from the Address, and it is the highest praise to say, that none were disappointed. It was the production of a fertile and richly endowed mind, uniting that diffusive kind of eloquence, best adapted to a promiscuous assembly, with vigour of thought and justness of sentiment. The subject was trite and familiar; hence the remark so often made on such occasions, that nothing novel could be expected. But the animated eye of genius marks for itself new courses, and discovers new beauties, where others see nothing but beaten paths and barren wastes. It is its province to add the charms of novelty to objects the most common; to place them in new attitudes, and invest them with new drapery. Their features are readily known, though much changed by circumstances, and the wonder is, that they never appeared so before. To place a subject in a view, which is at once natural and graceful, though not obvious, to present it in a new circle of associations, without changing its form and pressure, is the perfection of fine writing. But this is the magical operation of genius, which discovers new relations, traces new associations, and sees those slender golden threads, which connect objects of sense and reflexion. By following these, the whole imagery of nature is opened to her eye, selected and brought home to array, enrich and beautify the plain, solid materials of the understanding. Hence the diffusion of her enchantments, the despotism of her controul. She opens, at pleasure, the sources of sympathy, and touches the secret springs of affection. She pours her radiance into the sober chambers of intellect, or bewilders in the secret mazes of fancy. She gives to "airy nothing" a form and habitation, and paints it with a pencil dipt in the colours of heaven. At her call, the past and the future are brought together, scenes are shifted, places changed, and the mysteries of her power revealed; like the spirit of Ariel, whose solemn melodies were heard in the coral caves of the sea, while he himself was treading the fleecy clouds, or reposing in the gale.

—

On occasion of the marriage of the princess Royal of England, the *address* from the city of London regretted, "that their daughters are now deprived of one of the most conspicuous *models* of *maiden* excellence!" on which the wags remarked that the young ladies in the city would not be sorry if all such *models* were *broken*.

—

It is said that Mr. Jefferson, a philosophical republican, or a republican philosopher, has a little grimcrack piece of machinery, which he wears in his breeches pocket, to measure his steps, whenever he rambles through the *woods* of Washington. We suppose that the *hint* of this instrument was derived from a perusal of the following advertisement in a *London* journal. Mr. J. condescends to *borrow* even from the British, and although he has kindly told England that "her philosophy has crossed the channel," yet, somehow, a little remnant has been saved.

The improved pedometer, or waywiser, which when worn in the pocket, ascertains the distance the wearer walks (price two guineas). Sold by Spencer and Perkins, watch-makers, No. 44, opposite St. Sepulchre's Church, Snow-hill; who, for near thirty years, have fabricated these machines; and though they do not claim the invention, it being almost as ancient as pocket watches, yet all that ever came to their knowledge, have been so rude in their shape, inconvenient in wearing, and incorrect in their performance, as to have been soon laid by as useless.

This, which they take the liberty to offer to the public, is elegant in itself, most conveniently used, perfectly correct, and, what is desirable in all machines of fancy, cheap, not liable to pe out of order, and is a most amusing companion to gentlemen, who are fond of walking and shooting.

Flattering themselves the great improvement lately made, has carried it to its ultimatum, they take this method of making it public, to secure to themselves at least the credit thereof, having been materially injured by plagiarists, who have copied their machines, and passed them off to gentlemen as their own inventions, though at much higher prices, and very inferior work.

—

An apprentice to a celebrated surgeon, lately eloped with his master's wife. The lady complained that her husband's *practice* was on the *decline*.

We read in ecclesiastical history, says the editor of the Times, that a celebrated bishop was condemned in a synod, to destroy his novel Theogenes and Chariclea, or be expelled his see. He preferred the latter. If a modern *monk* were reduced to a similar dilemma, and obliged to choose between the glories of authorship and legislatorship, should we see the poet accept the Chiltern Hundred's, or *M. G. Lewis* burning his *Ambrosio?*

—

An Hibernian traveller, expressing how cheering and comfortable the roads are made by means of *mile-stones*, suggests to his readers that it would be a great improvement, if they were *nearer each other*.

—

We copy from the Walpole paper the following judicious paragraphs. They exhibit good sense in elegant attire.

On the interesting close of the three late general elections of Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New-Hampshire, we congratulate not only the citizens of these respective states, but also the friends of good order and government throughout the union. In the language which Shakespeare, in his Henry VI. put into the mouth of Edward, we would add.

"Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory,
But in the midst of this bright shining day,
I spy a black, suspicious, threatening cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious sun,
Ere he attain his easeful western bed:
We mean, my lords....those powers, that were rais'd
In Gallia's regions, have arriv'd our coast,
And, as we hear, march on to fight us."

—

Our "*penny wise, &c.*" rulers, with all their ardent zeal for public economy, after all, do not understand the subject a jot better than their prototypes, of whom facetious mention is made in Shakspeare's Henry VI. The rage for reducing taxes, and alleviating the burdens of their subjects, is equally sincere, and unpatriotic. The former are very particular to reduce the price of double refined sugar, to make riding in carriages less expensive to our more wealthy citizens, and to make whiskey drinking palatable and obtainable by all. Jack Cade and others, when they were plotting the *reformation* of English police, mouthed much of national savings. It must be left to the reflecting mind to determine whether an adherence to promises would not have been equally beneficial to a duped community, as the system which has been since followed, Cade said, "there shall be in England seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny; the three hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer: all the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass. And when I am king, as king I will be,"....There shall be no money: all shall eat and drink on my score: and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord."

—

A relation of the bishop of P....ter....h's lately applied to him for some small preferment which was in his gift. The learned and worthy prelate, who had never seen the candidate before, was highly pleased with his wit and sprightly conversation, but told him he was too late, for that it was already disposed of; however, as a mark of esteem he presented him with a diamond ring. The gentleman thanked him in the politest manner; but added: "My lord, 'tis a somewhat unchristian-like gift." How so," replied the bishop. "Why my lord," said the candidate, "I asked you for *bread*, and you have given me a *stone*."

London paper.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SONNET, WRITTEN AT SEA,

After many abortive attempts to arrange my scattered thoughts, and clothe them in verse.

It may not be—the gentle muse is fled,
Fled with those scenes, which erst inspir'd her song;
No more her visions hover round my head,
Nor her wild witcheries on my fancy throng.

Yet faithful memory oft shall fondly trace
The dear lov'd spot where dwells my bosoms' queen;
Even now methinks I feel her last embrace,
While my soul melts in anguish o'er the scene.

——My fair one weep not thus, tho' distant far
Drives the bold bark across the boisterous sea,
Soon, like the varying needle to the star,
Thy long lost wanderer shall return to thee:
Then never, never, from thy circling arms,
Shall commerce lure him more, or gold's delusive charms.

HARLEY.

SELECTED POETRY.

[In an old collection of Poems was found the following description of the vicissitudes of the tender passion in an infatuated and enthusiastic bosom. He who loves nothing but beef and beer will deride our sentimental bard. He, whose nerves vibrate at the slightest touch of beauty, will acknowledge the justice of the ensuing picture.]

THE LOVER AND THE FRIEND.

O thou, for whom my lyre I string,
Of whom I speak, and think, and sing!
Thou constant object of my joys,
Whose sweetness every wish employs.
Thou dearest of thy sex attend,
And hear the Lover and the Friend.

Fear not the Poet's flattering strain;
No idle praise my verse shall stain;
The lowly numbers shall impart
The faithful dictates of my heart,
Nor humble modesty offend,
And part the Lover from the Friend.

Not distant is the cruel day,
That tears me from my hopes away:
Then frown not, fairest, If I try
To steal the moisture from your eye,
Or force your heart a sigh to send,
To mourn the Lover and the Friend.

No perfect joy my life ere knew,
But what arose from love and you;
Nor can I fear another pain,
Than your unkindness, or disdain;
Then let your looks their pity lend,
To cheer the Lover and the Friend.

Whole years, I strove against the flame
And suffer'd ills that want a name,
Yet still the painful secret kept
And to myself in silence wept,
Till, grown unable to contend,
I own'd the Lover and the Friend.

I saw you still. Your generous heart
In all my sorrows bore a part;
Yet while your eyes with pity glow'd,
No words of hope your tongue bestow'd,
But mildly bid me cease to blend
The name of *Lover*—with the Friend.

Sick with desire, and mad with pain,
I seek for happiness in vain:
Thou lovely maid, to thee I cry,
Heal me with kindness, or I die.
From sad despair my soul defend,
And fix the Lover and the Friend.

Curs'd be all wealth, that can destroy,
My utmost hope of earthly joy!
Thy gifts. O fortune, I resign,
Let her and poverty be mine!
And every year that life shall lend,
Shall bless the Lover and the Friend.

In vain, alas! in vain I strive,
To keep a dying hope alive;
The last sad remedy remains,
'Tis absence that must heal my pains,
Thy image from my bosom rend,
And force the Lover form the friend.

Vain thought! though seas between us roll
Thy love is rooted in my soul;
The vital blood that warms my heart
With thy idea must depart,
And deaths' decisive stroke must end
At once, the Lover and the Friend.

MODERN PHILOSOPHY.

(FROM THE SUN.)

[The following stanzas were, we are told, the first poetical effusion of a celebrated modern philosopher, inscribed to a lady, whom he afterwards married; they will, no doubt, be favourably received by the admirers of that writer, as they appear to contain the cream of his doctrines. Those to whom the lines may appear somewhat obscure, will find that obscurity vanish, if they take the trouble to peruse the Strictures upon Marriage, Gratitude, and Human Perfectibility, in a work published under the title of Political Justice, together with an Eulogy on Avarice, a Dissertation on the Condition of Servants, &c. contained in a late publication called the Inquirer.]

In spite of Philosophy's aid,
I feel the soft passion of love;
The doctrines my pages convey'd,
In practice I'm forc'd to disprove;

For oft hast thou heard me maintain,
That the mind, for eternity born,
Should the fetters of Hymen disdain,
And treat Love's delusions with scorn.

I have held it to manhood a stain,
To sigh at the feet of the fair,
In accents desponding complain,
And prattle of love and despair:

For reason with absolute sway
My turbulent passions repress'd;—
Ah! when shall its wandering ray
Revisit this love-stricken breast?

The motives (alas! 'tis too plain)
Which me to Maria would draw,
Are stronger than those which restrain;—
I submit to Necessity's law;

And G——n, the champion renown'd
Of freedom, but not of free-will,
Though conquer'd by love, will be found
The first of philosophers still.

Then turn, my fair pupil, a while
To your tutor, your lover, and friend,
On your William complacently smile,
And while he instructs you, attend.

Do not grieve if hereafter I flee
Your caresses, nor deem me capricious:
I fain would be grateful to thee;
But, alas! to be grateful, is vicious.

And should I appear in your eyes
To be what the world calls a miser,
Though others my conduct despise,
Yet you, dear Maria, are wiser:
For you know in my late publication,
I've prov'd that 'tis base beyond measure,
To give money a free circulation;
But 'tis noble to hoard up one's treasure.

And mark me, I ne'er will consent
A servent or slave to maintain;
For with these every moment is spent
In mental repining and pain:

For envy and malice combine
The mind of the servant to stain;
Restricted, alas! to port wine,
Whilst his master is quaffing champaign.

As for me, I will never confine
Your beauties alone to these arms,
Nor yet will you hear me repine,
Though multitudes taste of your charms:

You will vow at the altar, indeed.
To your husband alone to adhere,
But you're from that prejudice freed,
Which would make you perform what you swear.

Though falsehood I greatly detest,
And hypocrisy never could bear,
What must not be plainly express'd
A man may most virtuously swear.

Observe the distinction I draw,
Since clearly are oaths superstitious:
Pure truth I consider with awe,
But cannot deem perjury vicious.

Inconstant perhaps, not unkind,
'Twill be ever my study to please;
I'll teach thee, by strength'ning thy mind,
To vanquish old age and disease:

For thinking can surely restore
Your teeth and your eyes when they fail,
Give the vigour of youth to fourscore,
Make "mind over matter prevail."

SONNET TO MY LOVE.

(FROM COLERIDGE'S POEMS.)

Maid of my love! sweet Genevieve!
In beauty's light you glide along:
Your eye is like the star of eve,
And sweet your voice, as seraph's song.

Yet not your heavenly beauty gives
This heart with passion soft to glow:
Within your soul a voice there lives!
It bids you hear the tale of woe.

When sinking low the sufferer wan,
Beholds no hand outstretcht to save,
Fair as the bosom of the swan
That rises graceful o'er the wave,
I've seen your breast with pity heave,
And therefore love I you, sweet Genevieve!

PRINTED FOR
THE EDITOR & ELIZABETH DICKINS.
PUBLISHED, FOR THE COUNTRY, AT
NO. 25, NORTH SECOND-STREET;
AND, FOR THE CITY, BY
WILLIAM FRY,
NO. 36, CHESNUT-STREET.
FROM THE PRESS OF
HUGH MAXWELL, COLUMBIA-HOUSE.